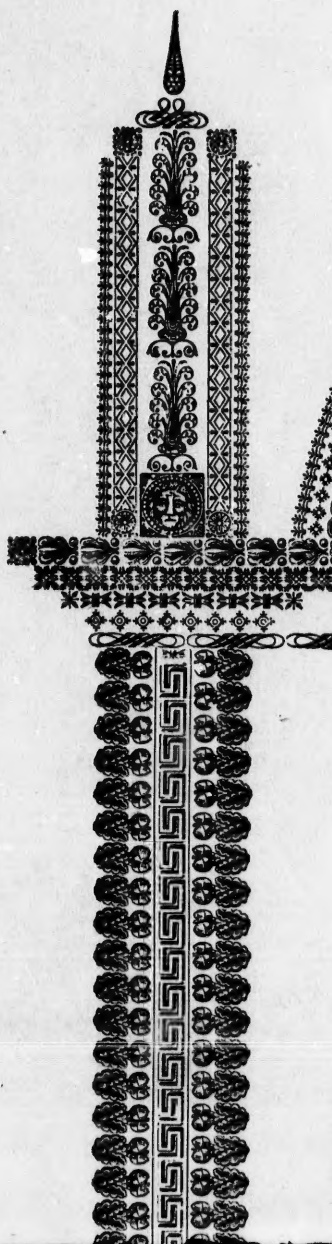




THE
CARRIER'S

NEW YEAR'S AD

TO THE PATRONS

THE VINDICA

MONTREAL, JANUA

UNITED WE STAND;—DIVIDED W

PATRONS ! the faithful herald of the times,
Comes with the greetings of a new-born year ;
His thoughts and wishes drest in rugged rhymes,
Perchance ungrateful to fastidious ear.
The saturnalia of the Gazetteer,
Emboldens him to introduce his strain,
The past's record, the future's pioneer.
Of style or length, pray reader don't complain,
He'll not for twelve long months your ears so vex again.

For his is not the idle strain,
To wake the reveller's joy ;
Such to the trifler, or the vain,
Is fond and fit employ.
Though hearts may warm, and happy cheer
Gives mirth to thousands gay,
His spirit mourns a barren year,
Passed profitless away.
Barren ? yes, barren it has gone.
Hopes raised by foreign Lords,
Prove, now the shallow mask's withdrawn,
Mere subterfuge and words.
A twelve-month since, our hearts were warmed
With hopes of griefs redressed ;
But unregenerate, unreformed,
More heavily they rest.
Still rules the Bureaucratic drove,
Slaves to that baneful den ;
Our thoughts in idle circles move,
Automatons, not men.

The attitude she bore,
And free, a nobler state maintain
Than her tyrants did of yore.

OLD ENGLAND moves her steady gait.

Her money-seeking throng,
When trade is brisk, and profits great,
Ne'er deems the world goes wrong.

But still a spirit only sleeps

To wake with might renewed,
While the Lordling rules and the churchman
Ere bursts the deadly foul.

For 'gainst those Lords the judgment stands—

“ Reformed your House shall be,”
The parsons' tythes, the bishops' lands
Must yield to destiny.

IRELAND ! thine is a bitter fate ;

Thy long, long years of woe
Will soften not your Tyrant's hate,
Until you “ strike the blow.”

O'Connell did do much for you,
That man of giant mind,
When aiding an ungrateful crew

The truckling Whigs he joined.

But what is now his recompense

From the people he has served ?

Their gratitude is impotence ;

Such the reward reserved !

While gathering storms o'er England lower'd

When Peel's feared gang came in,
Beneath his shadowing wings, then sought

The truckling Whigs he joined.

A twelve-month since, our hearts were warmed

THE
CARRIERS'S
YEAR'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF
INDICATOR.

LONDON, JANUARY 1st, 1837.

STAND;—DIVIDED WE FALL.

The attitude she bore,
Free, a nobler state maintain
Than her tyrants did of yore.
AND ENGLAND moves her steady gait.
Her money-seeking throng,
When trade is brisk, and profits great,
Ne'er deems the world goes wrong.
But still a spirit only sleeps
To wake with might renewed,
While the Lordling rules and the churchman reaps,
Who bursts the deadly feud.
'Gainst those Lords the judgment stands—
"Reformed your House shall be."
The parsons' tythes, the bishops' lands
Must yield to destiny.

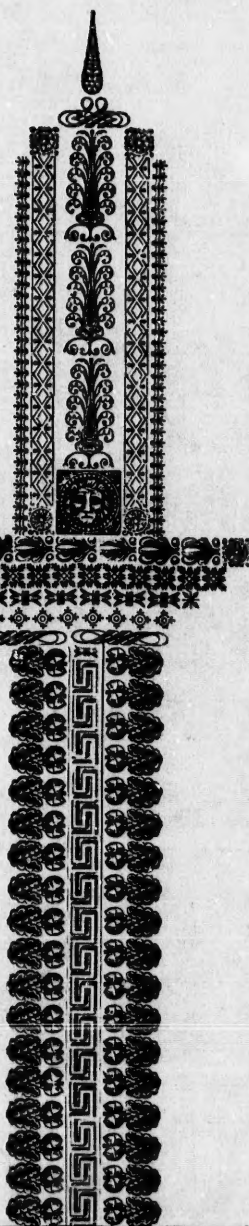
ENGLAND ! thine is a bitter fate ;
Thy long, long years of woe
Will soften not your Tyrant's hate,
Until you "strike the blow."
Connel did do much for you,
That man of giant mind,
When aiding an ungrateful crew
The truckling Whigs he joined.
What is now his recompense
From the people he has served ?
His gratitude is impotence ;
Such the reward reserved !
While gathering storms o'er England lower'd,
When Peel's feared gang came in,
With his chattering crew, then scattered

truckling Whigs he joined.

Whose steam-boats fastest fly ?
Where runs the rail-road's longest train ?
Or canal boats richest ply ?
Where do the world's stored treasures wend ?
And the world's purse-holders bow ?
To thee, America, they bend,
An Eldorado now.
The old world, and the old world's ways,
Are spiritless and dead ;
The genius of the west displays
The conquering "Go a-head."
Proved problem of philanthropy !
Thy institutions sage,
They shield a land ordained to be
The Eden of our age.
Why are you chosen a model bright,
For the world's admiring gaze ?
'Tis that your fathers judged aright
A freeman's flag to raise !

AND are examples lost to us,
So brilliant and so plain ?
Shall we groaning 'neath our incubus,
Still a chrysalis remain ?
Shall we forever led in strings
With timorous footsteps tread ?
Nor spread to nobler flight our wings
To follow where they lead ?
No, no ; in free America,
A state, however small

shall no groaning 'neath our incubus,
shall no chrysalis remain.



A twelve-month since, our hearts were warmest
With hopes of griefs redressed ;
But unregenerate, unreformed,
More heavily they rest.
Still rules the Bureaucratic drove,
Slaves to that baneful den ;
Our thoughts in idle circles move,
Automatons, not men.
Forgetful of our wrongs long told,
The Lords of Downing street
A vile foul system still uphold,
Our prayers contemptuous treat.
And thus our weary days are spent
In useless bickering strife,
While powerful neighbouring states, content,
Bloom rich with prosperous life.

OUR SISTER PROVINCE, wedded now,
To one of hair-brained deeds,
Must don the widow's garb of woe,
And long she'll wear the weeds.
'Tis a liason unnatural,
Formed with Sir Francis Head ;
But she'll not forever rest his troll,
For "butter" and for "bread,"
Who sow in crime, in sorrow reap;
And when her chains are riven,
Like Mary she'll have long to weep,
Ere her sins are forgiven.
How pitiful her politics !
Infatuation strange !
To fall the dupe of Tory tricks,
When thought is free to range.
Perhaps 'twas done to prove the rule,
"Each dog must have his day ;"
For this puling Orange Tory school
In no other place can stay.
Spirit of Toryism ! around
Kicked by mankind about ;
Refuge in Canada you've found,
And followers devout !
The Spartan sire before his son
His slaves inebriate placed,
That he pollution's wiles might shun,
Nor be in soul debased.
So was enthroned this old world sprite,
In Orange rags arrayed,
That none else become her proselyte,
Unthinkingly betrayed.

EUROPE ! our eyes still turn to thee,
Our forefathers' birth-place ;
As spirits in Elysium free,
May view their kindred race
Struggling amid a thorny life,
In sorrowing, grief and toil,
'Gainst want and woe a daily strife,
Of wearisome turmoil.
Your glorious deeds of olden times
We'll strive to imitate,
But not your follies or your crimes,
Your prejudice or hate.
Fair France ! of freedom, slave or lord,
A birth place and a grave !
How cringe to Bourbon Kings restored,
That people proud and brave.
Spain, drowsy Spain, has woken from night
Of lethargy and gloom,
And gathering thousands, seek in fight
The Patriot's crown or doom.
Oh ! may she once assume again

The truckling Whig he joined.
But what is now his recompense
From the people he has served ?
Their gratitude is impotence ;
Such the reward reserved !
While gathering storms o'er England lower'd
When Peel's feared gang came in,
Beneath his sheltering arm they cowered
Foremost in contest's din.
But now the party's fixed in power ;
No more it wants his aid ;
Quite heedless, it forgets that hour,
And promises then made.
His voice a show of justice wrings ;
They slight reforms begin ;
But these Whiglings are the hollowest things
All rottenness within.
Rouse ! Ireland, rouse ! nor longer bide,
Despoiled of every right ;
What justice has till now denied,
Would yield to craven fright.

OF SCOTLAND, and of Scottishmen,
Enough will others say ;
For three Scotch muses take the pen
To carol forth this day.
Saint Andrew, whose set day by law
Is chosen for Scotchmen's gloe,
By some was drowned in usquebaugh,
By some disowned in tea.
The Saint cashiered, I grieved to hear,
There where the tea was spilt ;
I had thought he was the Highlander
Who introduced the kilt.
Pity that those who Scotchmen jeer,
Can't learn the Scotchmen's sense ;
Like them for fortune persevere,
And *boo* for pounds not pence.

AMERICA ! from out the north,
We view thy fair expanse
Of new born nations, bursting forth
From their long colonial trance.
When Europe's flags above you rolled,
Childish and mean were ye ;
Now you're erect in manlier mould,
Ennobled when made free.
What though amid the varied forms
Of governments new framed,
Some are convulsed with angry storms
Of energies untamed.
Ages to form a state we're taught
The ancient world requires ;
Experience is more cheaply bought
When Liberty inspires.
Whate'er may mar or dark your name
In your struggling infant day,
Your necks bow not in servile shame
To European away.

BUT YOU the first born of the band,
The free United States,
Brethren, advancing hand in hand—
The twenty six confederates.
You blaze a beacon of the west,
Fair freedom's loveliest star ;
Spreading like refuge of the blest,
Your glorious rays afar.
Whose ships most nobly cleave the main !

the trucking Whigs be joined,
what is now his recompense
from the people he has served ?
If gratitude is impotence ;
such the reward reserved !
While gathering storms o'er England lower'd,
When Peel's feared gang came in,
With his sheltering arm they covered
Foremost in contest's din.
Now the party's fixed in power ;
No more it wants his aid ;
To heedless, it forgets that hour,
And promises then made.
A voice a show of justice wrings ;
They slight reforms begin ;
These Whiglings are the hollowest things,
All rottenness within.
Rouse ! Ireland, rouse ! nor longer bide,
Despoiled of every right ;
At justice has till now denied,
Would yield to craven fright.

SCOTLAND, and of Scottishmen,
Enough will others say ;
Three Scotch muses take the pen
To carol forth this day.
At Andrew, whose set day by law
Chose'n for Scotchmen's glee,
Some was drowned in usquebaugh,
By some disowned in tea.
O Saint cashiered, I grieved to hear,
Where where the tea was spilt ;
And thought he was the Highlander
Who introduced the kilt.
Why that those who Scotchmen jeer,
Can't learn the Scotchmen's sense ;
Teach them for fortune persevere,
And *boo* for pounds not pence.

AMERICA ! from out the north,
We view thy fair expanse
New born nations, bursting forth
From their long colonial trance.
When Europe's flags above you rolled,
Childish and mean were ye ;
Now you're erect in manlier mould,
Annobled when made free.
That though amid the varied forms
Of governments new framed,
We are convulsed with angry storms
Of energies untamed.
As to form a state we're taught
The ancient world requires ;
Experience is more cheaply bought
When Liberty inspires.
Whatever may mar or dark your name
In your struggling infant day,
Your necks bow not in servile shame
To European sway.

WANT YOU the first born of the band,
The free United States,
Whom brethren, advancing hand-in-hand—
The twenty six confederates.
To blaze a beacon of the west,
Fair freedom's loveliest star ;
Reading like refuge of the least,
Your glorious rays afar,
Whose ships most nobly cleave the main ?

Shall we growing round our meadows,
Still a chrysalis remain ?
Shall we forever led in strings
With timorous footsteps tread ?
Nor spread to nobler flight our wings
To follow where they lead ?
No, no ; in free America,
A state, however small,
Needs but her nervous arm essay,
Her chains unshackled fall.
Why should they not ? from earliest time,
'Mongst nations, as with men,
The youth who serves till manhood's prime
Seeks separation then.
When to either side is profitless,
This ill assorted match,
There's small virtue in submissiveness
To a Downing Street Despatch.
Our trade's protected ! some will cry.
Where rests the mighty gain ?
All we can raise, the world can buy,
Of potash or of grain.
If we had rotten ships to float,
Or sink in ocean's foam,
We might a better market scout
For timber nearer home.
But 'tis not so ; we drive a trade
In deals, in pine and oak,
That when th' expense and risk are paid
Leaves nothing for the stock.
Richer than mines of gold appear
Our forests soon would be ;
Now for no price despoiled each year
To sink with ships at sea.

PROTECTION ? we have not forgot
Our commerce with the Isles.
Interference we requested not,
To excite and mock our toils.
Has not a threatened act for years,
Our lumberer's traffic marked ?
While England's legislation sneers
At capital embarked.
What does the mother country gain ?
A market for her wares.
A heavier trade should we maintain
When ruling our affairs.
Britain would be our furnisher ;
A prosperous trade would thrive ;
Each year would bring more wealth to her,
Than now she gets in five.
Had she not better cast us free,
And cease the paltry strife ?
Inglorious it is doomed to be,
With pain and trouble rife.
Wrangling and hate continue will ;
Each year the bickering worse ;
Wiser fates' sure decree fulfil,
And sue out a divorce !

PATRONS ! I use plain language in my verse,
The thoughts of thousands, though they dread to speak ;
Who mourn in silence that colonial curse
Which blights our prospects with its shadow bleak—
Who feel ; nor dare emancipation seek.
I'm but an advanced piquet in the field,
To lead the confident, or cheer the weak—
The utterer free of sentiments concealed,
To whose firm, bold expression, all our ills might yield.